

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue scene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Marcellus, Enob. & Menas*
Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
safety: you haue bin a great Thiefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seroice: but giue mee
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they
might take two Theeues kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true
Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke An-
thony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cesar's* Sister is call'd *Othania*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vinity, I wold
not Prophecie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tie their friendship together, will bee the
very strangler of their Amity: *Othania* is of a holy, cold,
and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Enob. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke
Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the sighes of *Othania* blow the fire vp in *Cesar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *An-
thony* will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke playes.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Basket.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil blow them
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be scene
to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disafter the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Decimus,
Enobarbus, Menas, with other Capitaines.*

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If death
Or Poizon follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsmen
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'l nere out.
Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyra-
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forlake thy seate I do beseech thee Capitaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?
Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Rise

Rise from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords.

Ant. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,

Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,

Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:

What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,

And when we are put off, fall to their throates:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,

In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:

Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,

Hath so betraide thine afe. Being done vnknowne,

I should haue found it afterwards well done,

But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, I'l neuer follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more,

Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him ashore,

I'l pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seest
not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it: strike the Vessells ho,

Heere's to *Cesar*.

Cesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour

when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cesar. Possesse it, I'l make answer: but I had rather

fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke to much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now

the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, I'l place y
The holding every m
As his strong sides ca

Musicke Playes.

Come thou Mon

Plumpie Bacch

In thy Fattes on

With thy Grape

Cup vs

Cup vs

Cesar. What wou
Pompey goodnight. C

Let me request you o

Frownes at this leuitie

You see we haue burn

Is weaker then the W

Spleet's what it speak

Antick vs all. What

Good *Anthony* your h

Pom. I'l try you o

Ant. And shall S

Pom. Oh *Anthony*

But what, we are Frie

Come downe into th

Eno. Take heed yo

No to my Cabin: the

These Trumpets, Flut

Le: Neptune beare, w

To these great fellow

Eno. Hoo faies

Men. Hoo, Noble

Enter Ventidius as i

Ven. Now darrin

Pleas'd Fortune does

Make me reuenger. I

Before our Army thy

Paies this for *Marcus*

Romaine. Noble?

Whil't yet with *Par*

The Fugitiue Parthian

Mesopotamia, and th

The routed flie. So

Shall set thee on triu

Put Garlands on thy

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, S

I haue done enough.

May make too great

Better to leaue vndo

Acquire too high a

Cesar and *Anthony*,

More in their officer.

One of my place in S

For quicke accumul

Which he archiu'd b

Who does i'th' War

Becomes his Capitai

(The Souldiers vert

Then gaine, which d

I could do more to d

But 'twould offend h